

AIRS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE NEW

THEATRE

COMIC OPERA,

CALL'D

LOVE FINDS THE WAY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, NEAR EXETER-EXCHANGE, IN  
THE STRAND. 1777.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

### M E N.

Young Brumpton,	-	Mr. Mattocks.
Bellford,	-	Mrs. Farrel,
Oldcastle,	-	Mr. Quick.
Lovibond,	-	Mr. Wilfon.
Peter,	-	Mr. Wewitzer.

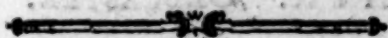


### W O M E N.

Mary-Ann,	-	Miss Brown.
Harriet,	-	Miss Courtenay.
Bridget,	-	Mrs. Wilfon.



# LOVE finds the WAY.



## ACT I.

A I R. BRUMPTON.

### I.

**M**Y Heart, I presume, is my own, Sir,  
And will not to Bondage submit;  
'Tis Passion for Passion alone, Sir,  
My Wish and my Humour can hit.

### II.

If I smack of an obstinate Temper,  
The Failing from you I derive;  
While you try my Affections to hamper,  
'Gainst Weather and Current you strive.

### III.

I know 'tis a Maxim with you, Sir,  
That Money all Faults will remove,  
But each Guinea with me is as two, Sir,  
When Wealth is ennobled by Love.

A I R.



## A I R. OLDCASTLE.

## I.

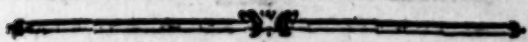
'Tis the commonest Instance in Nature;  
 The pleasantest Subject of Satire,  
 No Object of Ridicule greater,  
     In the Records of Whim can be shewn;  
 To find others Faults how we labour,  
 And our Tongue, like a two-edged Sabre,  
 Hacks and hews the Defects of a Neighbour,  
     But never adverts to our own.

## II.

Lord help us, what's come to your Reason,  
 That thus, out of Measure and Season,  
 Your Betters you issue Decrees on,  
     Setting up Judge and Jury in one;  
 Brother *Lovibond*, lay by your Jeering,  
 Your Carping, your Mocking, and Sneering,  
 At the Hump of another leave peering,  
     And, pr'ythee, look back at your own.

AIR.





## AIR. BRUMPTON.

## I.

Though his Modes and Forms are slighted,  
Venus' Son beholds delighted,  
Ardent Hearts at View united,  
And adopts the Pair his own.

## II.

Not by dint of tedious Sighing,  
Pining, Whining, Crying, Dying,  
Daily Oaths, and daily Lying,  
Did I make my Passion known;

## III.

But by Love's more artless Fancies,  
Silent, soothing, soft Advances,  
Ogling Looks, alluring Glances,  
I was caught, and she was won.  
Though his Modes, &c.

AIR.

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 AIR. HARRIET.

As mourns the soft Songster confin'd from the Spray,  
 And changes to Notes of Lamenting his Lay;  
 So I, with my Freedom, my Spirits forego,  
 And my Ditties, alas! all are Ditties of Woe;  
 Oh! come then, my *Belford*, my well-belov'd Swain,  
 Restore me to Mirth, and to Freedom again;  
 Or still, if a Captive I'm fated to be,  
 Alone make me Captive to Love and to thee.

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 AIR. LOVIBOND.

I.

My Joy, my Pride,  
 While thee beside,  
 My Heart is light and gay;  
 Those Charms, so rare,  
 Old Age repair,  
 And Winter turns to May; Toll, loll, &c.  
 Those Charms, &c.

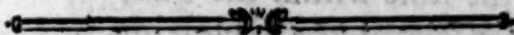
II.

II.

No Time destroys  
Our Hopes and Joys,  
While Health and Mirth remain ;  
The honest Mind,  
From Spleen confin'd,  
Defies Old Age and Pain ; Toll, loll, &c.  
Those Charms, &c.

III.

In Hymen's Bands  
Adieu Commands,  
My Harriet then shall sway ;  
In his bless'd Reign,  
Let her ordain,  
While I with Pride obey ; Toll, loll, &c.  
Those Charms, &c.



A I R. HARRIET.

I.

Fancy my Thought inspiring,  
Courage my Bosom firing,  
To Pleasure's Realms aspiring,  
On Love's gay Wings I rise ;

B

II. Doubt

II.

Doubt and Despair defying,  
On *Belford's* Truth relying,  
Fond Hope, her Aid supplying,  
Shall waft me to my Joys.



A I R. MARY ANN,

I.

At ruddy Eve, and rosy Dawn,  
I rov'd the Fields at Leisure,  
I danc'd at Freedom on the Lawn,  
And took my Fill of Pleasure;  
I rambled through the bushy Wood,  
Where Rills were gently flowing;  
Admir'd the Rose within the Bud,  
And Violets sweetly blowing.

II.

How sweet to see, along the Meads,  
The Lads and Lassies playing;  
When Spring entic'd them from their Beds,  
And call'd them forth a-Maying!  
Some new Vagary and Delight,  
With ev'ry Day returning;  
And Mirth and Pastime clos'd the Night,  
And welcom'd in the Morning.

DUET.



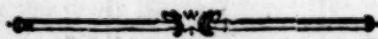


DUET. OLDCASTLE and MARY ANNE.

- Old.* His Words, his Looks, his wanton Smiles,  
Were only fly alluring Wiles,  
Your Pride should take Alarm;
- Mar.* So soft, so soothing was his Look,  
So gentle ev'ry Word he spoke,  
He could not mean to harm.
- Oldc.* Vows like his are ever harming.
- Mar.* Vows like his are ever charming.
- Oldc.* Then away to your Chamber, and mind what  
I say;  
What your Guardian advises, be sure to  
obey;  
His Presents and Words you must learn to  
disdain,  
And do all you can to forget him again.
- Mar.* I'll away to my Chamber, nor mind what  
you say;  
What my Guardian advises, I cannot obey;  
His Presents and Words I can never disdain;  
And I'll do all I can to behold him again.

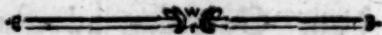
END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.



A I R. HARRIET.

WHEN a Point's in Agitation,  
 Whereon some future Bliss depends,  
 What alarming Palpitation,  
 The anxious Bosom rends !  
 Now glowing Hope, now chilling Fear,  
 Now fullen Doubt, now dark Despair ;  
 Then again comes Hope with ardent Fires,  
 Gives new Ambition, new Desires ;  
 And sure Success Inspires,



A I R. HARRIET.

I.

Submission's the Lover's best Grace ;  
 Loud Accents, and Menaces rude,  
 Each other Perfection efface ;  
 By Softness the Fair is subdu'd.

II.

The Glances that partly reveal,  
 And partly suppress the soft Pain,  
 Mute Sighs, to the Soul that appeal,  
 These only the Fair can obtain.

AIR.

---

A I R. BELFORD.

I.

Sweet Peace, restore my wonted Rest,  
 No longer let me prove  
 The Pangs that rend the hapless Breast,  
 Of unrequited Love;  
 By thee protected, let me lie,  
 And shun the Scorn of Beauty's Eye.

II.

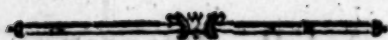
But should, ye Powers, the sweet, sweet Maid,  
 My Pains with Pity view;  
 And though my Sighs too weakly plead,  
 Lament a Swain so true:  
 Far greater Torments bid me prove;  
 I'll die adoring, die for Love.

---

A I R. BELFORD.

Oh, Love! thou Delight and Tormentor of Hearts;  
 How balmy thy Comforts! how piercing thy Smarts;  
 When distress'd by the Frowns of the Nymph we  
 adore,  
 The Pinions of Time move with Rapture no more.  
 But when Beauty relents, and no longer we mourn;  
 When Sighs of fond Passion are paid with Return;  
 Our Years and our Days, Oh, how sweetly they fly!  
 Each Moment of Life is a Moment of Joy.

AIR,



A I R. BELFORD.

I.

How sweetly fits the simplest Phrase,  
 Unfeigned Passion to discover !  
 Too weak, alas ! my fondest Lays,  
 To shew how well, how true I love her ;  
 As soon could I the glittering Stars,  
 That Midnight's sable Bosom cover,  
 In order number, as declare,  
 How well, how true, how dear I love her.

II.

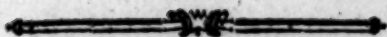
Professions trick'd in Language high  
 The Force of Eloquence discover ;  
 But Nature's Accents best imply,  
 The Meaning of a faithful Lover.  
 As soon could I, &c.

III.

Fierce Vows, too often sprung from Art,  
 Unfair Designs may serve to cover ;  
 But Deeds of Kindness speak the Heart ;  
 And they shall shew how well I love her.  
 As soon could I, &c.

AIR.





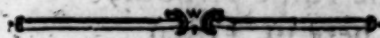
A I R. MARY ANN.

I.

Come, Oh, come, my own dear Swain,  
Be but true to Love and me;  
Come, Oh, come, thy Faith maintain,  
And my Guardian ever be!

II.

Chase away these rude Alarms,  
And beneath thy tender Care,  
Take a Lass, that from thy Arms,  
No Wealth nor Power shall tear.



A I R. OLDCASTLE.

Zooks! that an old Man can't keep a Chicken,  
A snug Tit-bit for his own private picking,  
And Means of Redress no Statute allows:  
But a Rake, like a fly Beast of Prey, will be watching,  
New Mischiefs inventing, new Artifice hatching,  
Of his White-legged Dainty the Owner to chouse.  
Are there no Means in his Art to out-trick him?  
Traps and Guns shall be planted to nick him,  
On every Floor and each Stair of my House.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

A I R, LOVIBOND.

I.

WHAT a filly Gudgeon,  
 Sure he's in his Dotage,  
 Beauty to imprison,  
 In a rural Cottage!  
 Mischief finds its Way  
 To the rustic Arbour,  
 Soon as here in Town  
 Where thousand Coxcombs harbour.

II.

If a Sword and Feather  
 Flaunt in Country Village,  
 How by Dozens there  
 The Maidens Hearts they pillage!  
 'Tis the Stranger's fight  
 Makes the Puppets prize 'em,  
 See 'em ev'ry Night  
 And quickly they'll despise 'em.

III.

## III.

Bondage and Restraint  
 Were never made for Beauty,  
 If relax'd the Rein  
 They'll readier know their Duty.  
 Bear a heavy hand,  
 Sooner they'll betray You;  
 Give 'em some Command  
 And better they'll obey you.

## A I R. BRUMPTON.

## I.

Lovers, when they meet Return,  
 Soft Return to am'rous Wishes,  
 Feel no more their Bosoms burn,  
 But dissolve in melting Blisses,  
 But debarr'd the fair-one's Sight,  
 All is Torment, all is Anguish;  
 Far they stray from cheering Light,  
 Doom'd alone to pine and languish.

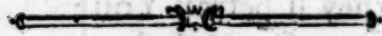
## II.

Yet, before I bid adieu,  
 Oh, forgive each rude Vexation!  
 Which from fond Endeavours grew  
 To reveal a faithful Passion.

C

Thus

Thus debarr'd my Fair-one's Sight,  
Left alone to pine and languish;  
Robb'd of thee, my Star of Light,  
All is Darknefs, all is Anguish.



A I R. MARY-ANN.

I.

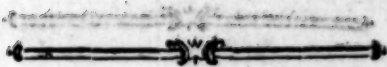
Two before me that adore me;  
How, how shall I speak my mind!  
One is pleasing, t'other teasing;  
Where I ought to be, I'll be kind:  
Then, Ah-well-a-day, what I covet, Oh!  
Guess, and my Meaning find,

H.

One to wed me if decreed me,  
Bless'd, bless'd wou'd be all my Hours!  
But with t'other horrid Lover,  
Marriage Mis'ry at once insures.  
Then, Ah-well-a-day, what I covet, Oh!  
Guess, and my Heart is yours,

TRIO.





A I R. BELFORD.

TRIO. BRUMPTON, MARY-ANN, OLDCASTLE.

*Brum.* At length the false Dream of Delusion is o'er;  
I wander in Doubt and in Darkness no more.

*Mar.* At length the false Dream of Delusion is o'er;  
I wander in Doubt and in Darkness no more.

*Oldc.* At length the sad Hours of Suspicion are o'er;  
I wander in Doubt and Vexation no more.

*Mar.* To your Honour be just, to your Promise  
be true:

Thus, firmly relying, I bid you adieu.

*Brum.* } Endless Blessings Fortune send you.

*Mar.* }

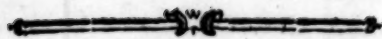
*Oldc.* With your Leave, Sir, I'll attend you.

*Brum.* } All your fairest Wishes crown.

*Mar.* }

*Oldc.* With your Leave, I'll see you down.

To Honour be just—— } &c.  
To my Honour—— }



A I R. BELFORD.

I.

Cupid, befriends us,  
His Sanction he lends us,  
Rebuking our idle Delay;  
He points to the Glade,  
Where his Honours are paid,  
And he cries, Come away, come away !

II.

Away with denying,  
The Moments are flying,  
And fleet is the Season of Love;  
The God will repent  
Of the Grace he has lent,  
If the Favours we will not improve.

III.

On those who obey,  
And are fond of his Sway,  
Profusely his Blessings he show'rs:  
Then seize we the Time,  
That if lost by our Crime,  
Ah ! never again may be ours.

DUETT.

**DUET T. HARRIET and BELLFORD.**

Love and Freedom now uniting,  
 Speak the happy Moments nigh;  
 Now to Hymen's Fane inviting,  
 Glad, their golden Course they ply,  
 And, in his Behest delighting,  
 Scatter Blessings as they fly.

**A I R. MARY-ANN.**

Tell me, Love, tell me, Love,  
 Tell the Fate I'm doom'd to prove;  
 Hope now shines with cheerful Ray,  
 Smiling Joys around me play.  
 Cupid, say, Cupid, say,  
 Will the flatt'ring Vision stay?  
 Let no mournful Change appear,  
 Gloomy Sorrow, boding Fear.  
 Tell me, Love, &c.

**FINALE.**

---

F I N A L E.

BRUMPTON.

Love, when born of wild Desires;  
Empty, transient Joys inspires;  
Built on firm and fair Esteem,  
It then affords a Bliss supreme.

MARY-ANN.

Love full oft is fairer seen  
When it haunts the rural Green,  
Than where Wealth and Pow'r reside,  
Deck'd in all the Pomp of Pride.

*Chor.* Love, when born, &c.

LOVIBOND.

Age, for cool Retirement fit,  
Should with timely Grace retreat;  
Seek no more the Sweets of May,  
But leave the Field for youth to play.

OLDCASTLE.

Let us then disclaim the Force,  
Which, in Spite of Nature's Course,  
Seeks unfairly to engage  
Ardent Youth with torpid Age.

*Chor.* Love, when born, &c.

HARRIET.



HARRIET.

Love, by Nature first design'd  
A gen'ral Good to all Mankind;  
Love, like Air, was widely giv'n,  
Purest, noblest Gift of Heav'n!

BELFORD.

Love himself will find the Way  
His faithful Vot'ries to repay;  
And sacred Hymen most reveres  
Consenting Hearts, and equal Years.

*Chor.* Love, when born, &c.

GENERAL CHORUS.

F I N I S.

151  
HARRIET.

Love, by Nature first design'd  
A general Good to all mankind;  
Love, like Air, was wisely giv'n  
Purest, noblest Gift of Heav'n!

BEYOND.

I love himself will find the Way  
His faithful Voice to repay;  
And sacred Hymns most sweet  
Consenting Hearts and equal Years  
Clear Love, when born, does

CHORUS 4 ADAPTED

